

JUNGLE
ACTION

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JUNGLE ACTION **FEATURING:**

THE BLACK PANTHER™



CAN EVEN T'CHALLA
SURVIVE THE
DEVIL-WOLVES
FROM THE
CHILLING
MIST?



BUCKLER/JANSON

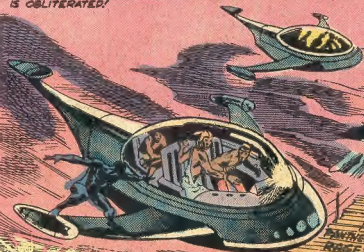
**HE'S
BACK!**

KILLMONGER!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE BLACK PANTHER!**

THE MIST IS CARNIVORE PINK...
A LIVING, WRITHING ENTITY THAT
DEVOURS THE SWAYING BRIDGE AT
ITS MIDSECTION. ITS DESTINATION
IS OBLITERATED!

THE MIST THREATENS TO DEVOUR THE TWO TINY
CRAFTS WHICH PENETRATE ITS OMINOUS VEIL...
A PROTECTIVE, VINDICTIVE MOTHER
PROTECTING ITS BROOD.



THE
BLACK
PANTHER
STANDS POISED
ON THE SONAR-
SKIMMER... AND
TO THE TWO UN-
WILLING PASSEN-
GERS INSIDE THE
CRAFT, HE IS NOT HU-
MAN... HE IS MORE LIKE
THE GREAT BLACK CAT,
PROWLING IN THE NIGHT
SHADOWS, AMBER EYES
TAKING IN EVERYTHING...
WITHOUT ONCE EVER MOVING!

WHAT'S
HE DOING NOW,
TAYETE?

DON'T LOOK,
KAZIBE! YOU
DON'T WANT TO
SEE!!

I'M NOT WEAK
LIKE YOU, KAZIBE, BUT
EVEN I HAVE TROUBLE
BEARING UP UNDER THIS
STRAIN. WE'RE GOING TO
CRASH! I KNOW IT!

I
KNOW
IT!

DONALD GREGOR, WRITER
BILLY GRAHAM, ARTISTS
KLAUS JANSON, COLORIST
GLYNIS WEIN, LETTERER
ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

THE MID-MORNING AFRICAN HEAT COOLS, LIKE WARMTH
FADING FROM THE FLESH OF A CORPSE. AFRICA IS A LAND OF
EXTREME ATMOSPHERIC CONTRASTS, AND THE HIDDEN
NATION OF WAKANDA IS SUBJECT TO THAT
CLIMATE PICTURE.

BUT THERE IS
SOMETHING MORE
THAN NATURE
THAT CAUSES THE
CHILL RISING
FROM THE FATHOM-
LESS DEPTHS. THE
FOG-SHROUDED
MOUNTAINTOPS
GLISTEN TIME-
LESS HOARFROST.

BEYOND, AT THE OTHER
EDGE OF INFINITY, LIES
THE LAND OF THE
CHILLING MIST!

ALL
RIGHT, TAYETE.
WE'RE HERE! NOW
WE'LL LEARN IF YOU
YOU HAVE SPOKEN
THE TRUTH.

WH...WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
PANTHER-
DEVIL?

I MEAN THAT
YOU'RE GOING INTO
THE LAND OF THE
CHILLING MIST
WITH ME.

BUT I'M SURE
THAT DOESN'T
FRIGHTEN YOU,
DOES IT, TAYETE?

IT'S NOT FRIGHT THAT CAUSES ME
TO SPEAK, PANTHER-DEVIL, BUT
THERE ARE OTHER THINGS YOU
MUST... UHM...

...CONSIDER?

I'VE
CONSIDERED
ALL THAT YOU'VE
TOLD ME IN THE
PAST WEEK, TAYETE.
REMEMBER
THAT!!

PERHAPS IT WAS DREAMS
OF POWER THAT RULED YOUR
THOUGHTS, TAYETE AND KAZIBE, WHEN
YOU DECIDED TO FOLLOW ERIK
KILLMONGER IN HIS REVOLUTION.

I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU DID
NOT KNOW KILLMONGER WOULD
BE SO RUTHLESS IN HIS STRATE-
GEMS...

...TO OVERTHROW MY
REIGN OF WAKANDA. HE WOULD
NOT DEBATE. HE WOULD
SLAUGHTER!

AND NOW YOU TELL
ME HE HAS GONE INTO
THESE MYTHICAL MISTS...
WITH KING CADAVER.

YOU'D
BETTER BE AFRAID.
IF YOU'VE LIED TO ME,
I'LL UNLEASH MY RAGE FOR
KILLMONGER UPON YOU!

MONICA LYNNE WATCHES HIM APPROACH. EBON ANGER
DARKENS HIS AMBER EYES.

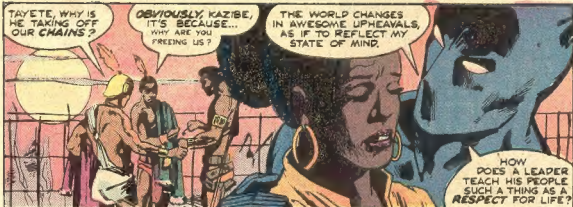
YOU
DON'T HAVE
ANY IDEA
WHAT COULD
GO DOWN OUT
THERE, DO YOU,
T'CHALLA?

NO,
MONICA.
BUT I MUST
MAKE THIS
TREK.

BUT
WHY ALONE?
AT LEAST TAKE
W'KABI WITH YOU.

W'KABI
IS CHIEF OF COURT
SECURITY, AND WITH ALL
OUR PRISONERS AT THE
PALACE THERE IS MUCH FOR
HIM TO MAKE SECURE.

BESIDES,
ULTIMATELY,
THIS BATTLE IS
BETWEEN KILLMONGER AND
I, AND IF HE HAS GONE INTO
THIS FORBIDDEN LAND
THERE IS A REASON
FOR IT. KILLMONGER
DOES NOTHING THAT DOES
NOT HAVE A PURPOSE!



THE BRIDGE HAS SPANNED CENTURIES
TO ITS UNKNOWN DESTINATION.
ITS MAKER AND ORIGINAL
PURPOSE ARE
GENERATIONS
FORGOTTEN--

THE
PANTHER
FEELS THE SCARLET
HAZE CONSUME THEM,
THE CHILL TURNING STEADILY
COLDER AS THE BRIDGE PROTESTS
THEIR PASSING, SWAYING WITH
TREACHEROUS REPRISAL!

THE WIND TEARS AT THEM, AND
THE THREE OF THEM ARE BATHED
IN THE CRUEL, PINK MIST--

--EXCEPT IN
LEGENDS!

--UNTIL, LIKE
THE SUN, THEY
ARE SLICED RAW BY IT--

--AS IF THE LEGENDS WERE
AWARE THAT A MERE MORTAL
DARED INVADE THEIR
BOUNDARIES--

--AND THAT,
FOR ALL PRACTICAL
PURPOSES, HE PARED
TO DO IT...
ALONE!

PANTHER-
DEVIL!

MAKE
IT QUICK,
TAYETE. IF YOU
ARE TRYING TO
STALL FOR TIME
YOU MIGHT HAVE
NO TIME
LEFT AT
ALL!

I... JUL
JUST WONDERING IF
YOU WERE
WARM
ENOUGH.

THEIR
BREATH FORMS
INTO VAPOR,
REMINDING THEM
THAT IT IS THE
CEASELESS PUMP-
ING OF THEIR
LUNGS WHICH
KEEPS THEM
ALIVE.

TAYETE
IS CONVINCED. TCHALLA
IS NOT HUMAN. IT IS A
DECEPTION THE PANTHER
IS IN NO HURRY TO DISCREET.

AND
THEN IT IS
THERE BEFORE
THEM. THE LAND OF THE
CHILLING MIST! IT IS AS BLEAK
AS HIS MEMORIES OF THE RAID ON
KILLMONGER'S COMMAND VILLAGE

THE TWO
BLEAKNESSES,
SPIRITUAL AND
PHYSICAL, COMBINE
AND HE STANDS,
DWARFED BY THE
IMMENSITY OF
HIS SURROUNDINGS...

...ASSAULTED
BY THE MAGNITUDE OF HIS TASK.
AND HE WONDER, DARKLY,
IF ANY ACTION HE TAKES WILL
RETURN WAKANDA TO TRANQUIL-
ITY... OR IF ANY PATH HE TAKES
WILL END IN INSIGNIFICANCE!

THE CHILL FACTOR IS RISING TOWARDS
80 DEGREES BELOW ZERO. ERIK KILLMONGER
DOES NOT SEEM TO NOTICE, NOR DOES
THE ANKLE DEEP SNOW SLOW HIS
ARROGANT STRIDE!

THEY ARE NEARING
THE ALTAR OF
RESSURECTION, AND
HE IS ANXIOUS FOR
THE RITUALS TO BE-
GIN. SOMBRE WILL
BE WAITING... FOR HE
IS THE ORACLE OF THE
RESSURECTION ALTAR!

I NO LONGER
FEAR THIS PLACE.
THE FIRST TIME WE
CROSSED THAT BRIDGE,
I COULD NOT STOP
SWEATING. THE COLD
NUMBED ME, BUT I
COULD NOT STOP
SWEATING.

YOU
WERE NOT
THE SAME
BEING
THEN.

HEEL,
PREY! STAY
WITH ME!

YOU LIVED
IN IGNORANCE
BACK THEN. KING
CAPAVER, AND THE
TITLE OF "KING OF
ANYTHING" WAS NOT
IN YOUR FUTURE IN
THOSE DAYS.

"BUT IT
IS NOW!"

NOW YOU ARE KING
CAPAVER... JUST AS I AM
NO LONGER N'JAPAKA, BUT
ERIK KILLMONGER. I LIKE THE
INSOLENCE OF THE NAME.
ERIK... BUT YOU CANNOT AP-
PRECIATE THAT SINCE YOU
HAVE NEVER
LIVED IN
WESTERN CIVILIZA-
TION.

AND THIS IS THE PLACE
WHERE YOUR TRANSFORMATION
BEGAN. MORTAL CONCERNS ARE PAST
YOU, YOUR MENTAL PROWESS HAS BEEN
INCREASED TEN-FOLD... MEN WHO WERE
ONCE YOUR EQUAL ARE NOW SUBJECT
TO YOUR MAURAUDING THEIR MINDS-

--THOUGH HOW THAT
IDEALISTIC CHILD, T'CHALLA,
MANAGED TO KEEP YOU FROM
PLUNDERING HIS TENDER
LITTLE PSYCHE IS A
PUZZLEMENT.

HE
IS RE-
SOURCEFUL.
DON'T YOU CON-
TEMPLATE T'CHALLA'S
MOVEMENTS WHILE
YOU ARE AWAY
FROM WAKANDA?

"NEVER!"

THE ENTRANCE IS CHISELLED IN IRIDESCENT ICE, THAT SHIFTS COLORS...AN ELEMENTAL KALEIDOSCOPE, FRAGMENTING DESIGNS IN SHADES OF DEPTHPLESS WHITES AND BURNING AMETHYST.

THE CAVERN HAS THE ATMOSPHERE OF A MONASTERY...SACRED, ECHOING SILENCE OFF ITS ROCK-HEWN CEILINGS, AN UNNATURAL HEAT PULSES RHYTHMICALLY, CLASHING WITH THE GLACIAL AIR BEYOND ITS PORTAL.

SOMBRE APPEARS FROM THE FUMES, ALMOST AS IF HE IS A PART OF THEM...AND HIS PLACID WELCOME IS COUNTERED BY SOULLESS EYES, GLEAMING BEHIND A MASK THAT HAS BEEN WELDED TO FLESH!

WELCOME, ERIK. I TRUST YOU HAD A SAFE JOURNEY?

AH, I SEE THE GOOD KING IS WITH YOU.

YES, AND HE SPEAKS OF RESOURCES, SOMBRE, AND I WAS ABOUT TO TELL HIM, RESOURCES COME FROM THE LAND...

...AND THIS LAND IS NOT T'CHALLA'S ANYMORE, IT IS MINE!

IT IS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN THEY COME UPON THE RIVER, FLOWING LETHARGICALLY TOWARD UNEXPLORED REALMS. TAYETE COMES TO A HALT, AND A SMUG SNEER OF FALSE BRAVADO CLAIMS HIS FACE.

"WE CAN'T CROSS THAT," HE SAYS, CONFIDENTLY.

T'CHALLA SMILES, BUT ITS MIRTH IS COVERED BY HIS MASK. "GOOD OLD TAYETE," HE THINKS, ALMOST WITH AFFECTION.

"AND WHY NOT, TAYETE? IN FACT, WE'LL LET YOU LEAD US ACROSS," HIS VOICE IS AS HARD AS THE ICE FLOW.

HE WAITS FOR TAYETE'S REACTION, THEN BENDS, AND MUSCLES STRAINING--

--RIPS A HUGE SHARD OF GLACIER FROM ITS ICE MONUMENT.

TAYETE DOUBT TAKES, AND THE PANTHER CAN BARELY STIFLE A LAUGH. IT WOULD BE THE FIRST TIME HE HAS LAUGHED... IN MONTHS.

"AND ONE OTHER THING, TAYETE!"

"YES, PANTHER-DEVIL."

STOP CALLING ME PANTHER-DEVIL!

NOW COME FORWARD, TAYETE. IF ANY MORE TIME IS WASTED, I'LL HELP YOU ACROSS.

HE'S NOT SERIOUS, IS HE, KAZIBE? PANTHER-DE... I MEAN, YOU AIN'T SERIOUS ABOUT...

TAYETE, PLEASE, DON'T ANGER HIM!

NOW?

THE FROST CURRENT SURGES PAST ICEBERGS... AND THEY ARE LIKE FROZEN DREAMS TURNED TO BITTER ILLUSIONS!

CAREFUL, TAYETE. ONE SLIP AND DEATH IS AS SWIFT AS THE RIVER'S FLOW!

BUT IT IS NOT SLIPPING TAYETE HAS TO WORRY ABOUT. THE ICE, LIKE THE PANTHER'S DREAMS, SHATTERS!

RIGHT NOW!

THE PANTHER TENSES FOR THE LEAP, AND THEN SPRINGS... TENSION UNLEASHED... EYES JUDGING THE DISTANCE TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE!

THE PANTHER HAS NOT LIED! THE TOUCH OF THAT LIQUID IS DEATH!

THE SHEER MOMENTUM OF HIS LEAP CARRIES BOTH OF THEM TO SAFETY.

YOUR LUCK HAS NOT YET RUN OUT, TAYETE.

NIGHT COMES, AND THE WIND-CHILL FACTOR WILL REACH MORE THAN 100 DEGREES BELOW ZERO. THEN, ANY HEAVY BREATHING WILL TURN THE TISSUE OF YOUR LUNGS TO ICE!

NOW WHERE WOULD KILLMONGER HEAD?

UP THERE... RESSURECTION ALTAR WAITS.

EVEN IF YOU'D MANAGED TO SWIM ASHORE, THE MOST RAGING FIRE COULD NOT STOP THE ON-SLAUGHT OF FROSTBITE!

AND AGAIN, THE ENORMITY OF THIS LAND AND HIS TASK ENGULF HIM... AND HE WISHES IT WERE DONE... ONE WAY... OR THE OTHER!

THE
CERE-
MONY IS
NEARLY
OVER.

KILLMONGER HAS NO IDEA WHEN THE PIECE OF BURNT-
OUT STAR, BLAZING SUPER-NOVAE IN ITS CELESTIAL
WAKE, CRASHED TO EARTH. HE HAS NEVER SEEN WHAT
IT LOOKS LIKE. THE CAVERN IS ITS COFFIN!

FROM THE RADIANT
DEPTHS, QUASAR-
LIKE RAYS BATHE
THE ALTAR IN LAM-
BENT STRENGTH.
IT IS AN ODD DE-
SCRIPTION, CON-
SIDERS KILLMONG-
ER, BUT IT MOST
ACCURATELY DEFINES
THE EFFECT OF THESE
CORUSCANT BEAMS.

FLESH BECOMES
MALLEABLE, LIKE
DRIPPING WAX.
HUMAN FEATURES
TURN TO HOT
LIQUID... THEN
RESOLIDIFY--

--INTO NEW
SHAPES...
WITHIN...AND
WITHOUT!

SOMBRE HAS BEEN
EXPOSED TO THESE
RAYS FOR SO LONG.
THAT UNDER HIS
ROBES HE SEEMS
WRAITH-LIKE!

THE FIRST
TIME YOU BROUGHT
HIM HERE, HE WAS A
NORMAL MAN AND
SCREAMED WHEN
WE STRAPPED HIM
TO THE ALTAR.

HE IS
NO LONGER
AFRAID.

NATURALLY.
CADAVER HAS
BEEN RESURRECTED. HIS
FORMER LIFE HAS
CEASED TO EXIST.

FROM THE
ASHES OF FLESH
COME SUPERIOR PHOENIXES!
WHAT DOES PHYSICAL
APPEARANCE MATTER TO
HIM NOW, SOMBRE
...OR TO YOU?

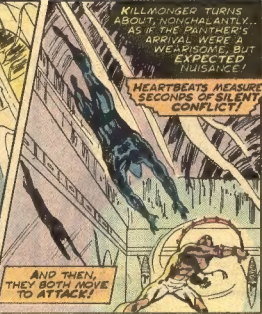
THE RAYS
HAVE TRANSFORMED
HIM FROM MERE HUMAN...
AND THERE ARE FEW HUMANS
THAT ARE CONTENT WITH
WHAT THEY ARE.

IF THAT WERE
NOT THE CASE, I
WOULD HAVE NO FOLLOWERS
TO OVERTHROW WAKANDA'S
GREAT DREAMER, T'CHALLA.

PERHAPS
YOU'D CARE TO
TELL ME ABOUT IT
IN PERSON,
KILLMONGER!

OR IS
BACKSTABBING
MORE YOUR
STYLE?

KAZIBE,
DON'T HE
KNOW? YOU
JUST DON'T
SAY THINGS
LIKE THAT TO
KILLMONGER.

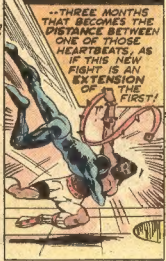


KILLMONGER TURNS
ABOUT, NONCHALANTLY...
AS IF THE PANTHER'S
ARRIVAL WERE A
WEARISOME, BUT
EXPECTED
NUISANCE!

HEARTBEATS MEASURE
SECONDS OF SILENT
CONFLICT!

AND THEN,
THEY BOTH MOVE
TO ATTACK!

IT HAS BEEN NEAR THREE
MONTHS OF BLOODSHED
SINCE THESE TWO AD-
VERSARIES HAVE FACED
EACH OTHER--



--THREE MONTHS
THAT BECOMES THE
DISTANCE BETWEEN
ONE OF THOSE
HEARTBEATS, AS
IF THIS NEW
FIGHT IS AN
EXTENSION
OF THE FIRST!



THIS
MOMENT
HAS BEEN
LONG AWAITED,
KILLMONGER!



YOU WAITED
FOR SO SHORT
A MOMENT?

A MOMENT
OF AMUSEMENT,
NO LESS.

TO THE
PANTHER'S ASTON-
ISHMENT, KILLMONGER'S
FACE DOES NOT EXPRESS
DEFEAT--

--RATHER, HE IS
OVERWHELMED
BY HIS FOE'S
SUPERIORITY!
HE IS
KILLMONGER'S
TAYETE!!

HE IS A
CHILD ONCE
MORE, HAND
WRESTLING
WITH HIS
FATHER...AND
THOUGH HE
CAN BARELY
WAGE A
CONTEST, HIS
FATHER LETS
HIM WIN!



THOSE DAYS ARE GONE!
LIKE HIS DREAMS!

YOU SEE
T'CHALLA, YOU
ARE NO MORE THAN
A MOMENTARY
DIVERSION!

EFFORTLESSLY, KILLMONGER
HURTLES HIM OVER THE EDGE OF THE
PIT... AND TOWARDS INCINERATION!!

CHILDHOOD'S DEATH! KANTU'S CHILDHOOD IS BEHIND HIM THOUGH HE IS BUT NINE YEARS OLD. HIS FATHER IS DEAD! THE GRASSY SAVANNA IS WARM, BUT THE SUN NEVER PENETRATES KANTU'S FLESH.

THE KRAAL HAVE BEEN RESTLESS. ONCE, HE WOULD HAVE STALKED THEM. BUT GAMES SEEM A PART OF HIS PAST. HE HAS NO HEART FOR THEM.

KANTU!
ONE OF
THE HERD IS
LOOSE!

I THOUGHT YOU
COULD USE SOME
HELP.

WHAT HELP COULD
YOU GIVE ME? DO YOU COME
TO TAKE ME BACK TO THAT MOS-
PE-TAAL? I TRUST YOU NO MORE
THAN I DO ALL THOSE
INDOOR SUNS.

ONCE
I TRUSTED OUR
HERBALIST, MENDINAO
...BUT NOW HE STAYS WITH
THESE MEN CALLED DOCK-
TORS. DO YOU KNOW
OF DOCK-TORS?

I'VE HAD SOME
RUN-INS WITH 'EM.
MENDINAO LAID SOME HEAVY
RAP ON ME, THAT YOU
MIGHT NEED HELP...

WHAT WITH THE FARM
HERE... AND YOUR SON.

OUT-
WORLDER, KEEP
YOUR HANDS
OFF MY
SON!

MY HUSBAND HAS
BEEN TAKEN FROM
ME, I'LL NOT HAVE MY
SON TAKEN ALSO.

CAN'T
YOU LEAVE
A WOMAN TO
MOURN WITH
DIGNITY?

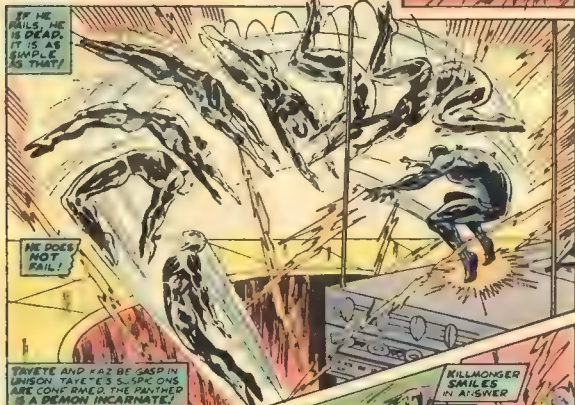
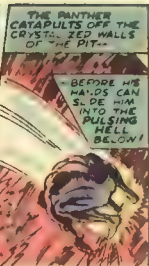
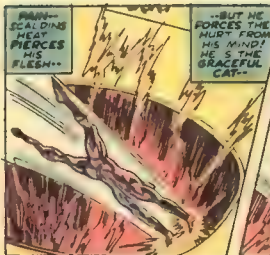
I CANNOT STEAL YOUR
DIGNITY... NOR THE DEPTH
AND HONESTY OF YOUR
SORROW... FOR IF I COULD,
IT WOULD BE BUT
SHALLOW GRIEF...
AND IT WOULD BE
HONEST IN
WORDS ONLY.

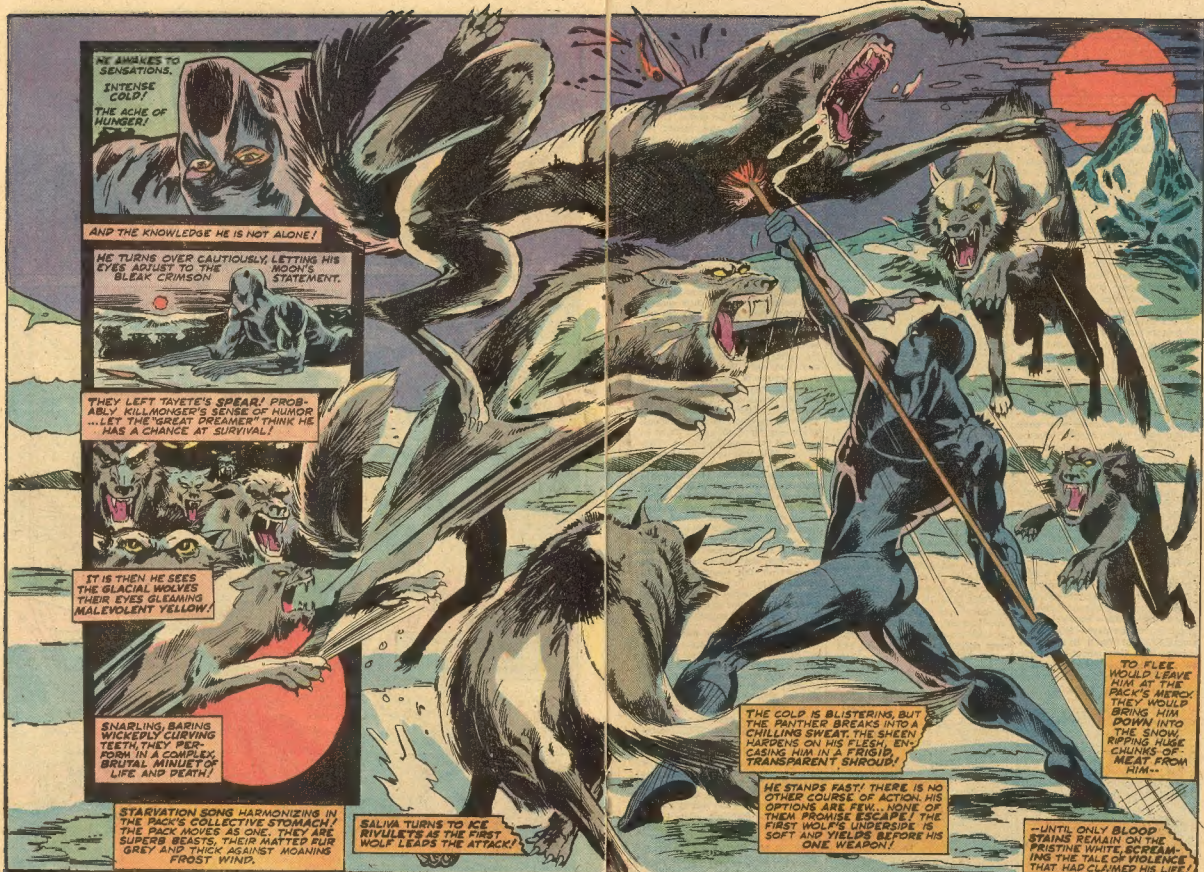
I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND
YOU, OUT-
WORLDER.

I
KNOW.

BUT WE BOTH
UNDERSTAND
HURT AND
SORROW.

PER-
HAPS WE
CAN HELP
EASE EACH
OTHER'S
PAIN!





HE AWAKES TO
SENSATIONS.
INTENSE
COLD!
THE ACHE OF
HUNGER!

AND THE KNOWLEDGE HE IS NOT ALONE!

HE TURNS OVER CAUTIOUSLY, LETTING HIS
EYES ADJUST TO THE
BLEAK CRIMSON

THEY LEFT TAVETE'S SPEAR! PROBABLY
KILL-MONGER'S SENSE OF HUMOR
...LET THE 'GREAT DREAMER' THINK HE
HAS A CHANCE AT SURVIVAL!

IT IS THEN HE SEES
THE GLACIAL WOLVES
THEIR EYES GLEAMING
MALEVOLENT YELLOW!

SNARLING, BARING
WICKEDLY CURVING
TEETH, THEY PER-
FORM IN A COMPLEX,
BRUTAL MINUET OF
LIFE AND DEATH!

STARVATION SONG HARMONIZING IN
THE PACK'S COLLECTIVE STOMACH,
THE PACK MOVES AS ONE. THEY ARE
SUPERB BEASTS, THEIR MATTED BUR
GREY AND THICK AGAINST MOANING
FROST WIND.

SALIVA TURNS TO ICE
RIVULETS AS THE FIRST
WOLF LEADS THE ATTACK!

THE GOLD IS BLISTERING, BUT
THE PANTHER BREAKS INTO A
CHILLING SWEAT. THE SHEEN
HARDENS ON HIS FLESH, EN-
CASING HIM IN A FRIGID
TRANSPARENT SHROUD!

HE STANDS FAST! THERE IS NO
OTHER COURSE OF ACTION. HIS
OPTIONS ARE FEW. THREE OF
THEM PROMISE ESCAPE! THE
FIRST WOLF'S UNDERSIDE IS
SOFT AND YIELDS BEFORE HIS
ONE WEAPON!

TO FLEE
WOULD LEAVE
HIM AT THE
PACK'S MERCY.
THEY WOULD
BRING HIM
DOWN INTO
THE SNOW
RIPPING HUGE
CHUNKS OF
MEAT FROM
HIM...

--UNTIL ONLY BLOOD
STAINS REMAIN ON THE
PRISTINE WHITE, SCREAM-
ING THE TALE OF VIOLENCE
THAT HAD CLAIMED HIS LIFE!

SUMPTUOUS SCOOPS ABOUT SUMMER, SPIDEY--AND SOFTBALL!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Y'know, I hate to sound like I'm always hawking something in the ol' Soapbox, but we've never launched as many exciting new projects as these past few months, and this is the only place where I can get you all together and tell you about 'em all at once! Anyway, by the time you read these pulsating phrases **SPIDEY SUPER STORIES** is already on sale. That's the one we're producing in partnership with the Children's Television Workshop "Electric Company" show, and it's for all the younger Marvelites among you. So be sure that your kid brothers and sisters latch onto a copy -- it'll keep 'em outta your hair for a while! But, for the rest of you mature and meritorious madmen, the time is come to grab the most colorful production in all of comicdom -- namely, the great new **MARVEL SUPERHERO CALENDAR**, which goes on sale early in August wherever books and magazines are sold! Reserve your copy fast; judging by the flood of advance orders, it's gotta be a sell-out! And now, another swingin' surprise from the one and only House of Ideas! Call us show-offs if you wanna, but we figure the time has come to prove we can do more than produce the world's greatest comic-books -- we're about to invade the magazine field, too! Can't you just imagine **TIME**, **PLAYBOY**, and the **READERS DIGEST** shakin' in their boots? Well, no wonder, 'cause here comes our newest brain-blaster! Early in September a grateful public will feast its collective eyes on the most beautiful publication of the month -- Marvel's joyous journey into the past -- **NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED!** You'll thrill to the photos and articles about Babe Ruth, W. C. Fields, Elvis Presley, Tom Mix, Mae West, and countless other greats from the yesteryears of time!

magazine documentaries, photo-profiles of men and women who have changed the course of history! Our first, never-to-be-forgotten issue is entitled **HITLER!** Yes, it's the incredible picture biography of the fanatical Nazi führer whose hell-spawned racism and maniacal lust for conquest brought the entire human race to the brink of destruction! In this incredible issue you'll see shocking pages of actual history come to life before your eyes! You'll see the almost unbelievable rise and fall of Nazi Germany, the Third Reich which Hitler vowed would live a thousand years! All this and more await you in our first photo-profile, **HITLER** -- produced by Marvel -- and on sale now!

Incidentally, have you noticed I haven't said a word about the mammoth-sized **TREASURY OF SPIDER-MAN**, the \$1.50 library edition which is also now on sale? That's because it's selling so fast that if you haven't gotten yours yet you may already be too late! But, lest you think we'll finally be content to slow down and rest on our laurels, here's just a hint of our next block-buster. Even before the shock waves begin to settle, we'll be topping off the whole megillah with our long-awaited **ORIGIN OF MARVEL COMICS**, the 250-plus-page full-color book published by Simon and Schuster, due on sale in October at book stores everywhere! So save your shekels and keep thinking Marvel. As for me, I'd better sign off now -- before you get the idea that we're tryin' to sell you something!

Excelsior!

Stan

But now, it's time for something in a more serious vein; a story that must be retold -- a chronicle of man's inhumanity to man, and the ultimate triumph of good over consummate evil. Recognizing the awesome power of the printed page to enlighten, to inform, and to stir the conscience of the world, Marvel proudly presents the first in a spectacular series of



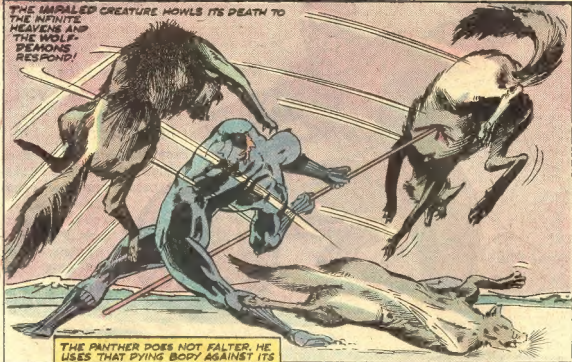
Sheesh! After all the super-treats the Smiling One just tossed at us, I (Racally ROY speaking now, friends and neighbors) almost hate to mention that those of you with a few pennies left over might get a kick out of grandiose goodies like our groovy medallions -- or the plastic model kits of Spidey, the Hulk, and others being churned out by the Aurora people -- or the various towels, T-shirts, and trinkets which you'll see spotlighted in our 75¢ and \$1 mags. Heck, if you get desperate, you might even try buying a plain ol' colorful 36-page comic-book or two! Meanwhile, though, here are a few other tidbits for you to chew on --!

ITEM! Hey, ever wonder how the mad-cap Marvel crew spent their summer vacations? Well, we're gonna tell you anyway! Besides the usual mishmash of comic-art conventions and travel-treks, here's the scoop: This turned out to be the **Softball Summer!** That's right -- each and every Wednesday, come 5 p.m., a couple of dozen artists, writers, and production pundits dashed out of 575 Madison and made a beeline for nearby Central Park, where they demonstrated quite amply that the National Pastime is far from passé. Early on (we'll tell you more next time), Glitzy GLYNIS WEIN was the surprise star of the season, as LEN's Welsh born lass showed she could pitch a mean curve -- while Rampagin' RON WILSON turned out to be a Power Man on the softball field as well as in the pages of Luke Cage's mag! Truth to tell, though, there were a goodly number of sore arms, legs, and prides the first few weeks; sitting at a drawing-board or typewriter isn't exactly the best warm-up for the ol' diamond. Our baseball-batty Bullpen's ambition: To get good enough to challenge the Playboy Bunnies to an All-Star Game! Last time we looked, though, Hugh Hefner wasn't holding his breath.

ITEM! And what about off the ballfield? Well, when he wasn't swinging a mean bat, HERB TRIMPE was last seen jogging every day thru that selfsame Central Park -- and usually being mistaken by at least one starstruck passerby for Alan Alda of M*A*S*H fame! Down New Jersey way, Valiant VINNE COLLETTA was trying out his new tennis courts -- while, on different coasts, STEVE ENGLEHART and GIL KANE were basking languidly by their swimming pools -- and maybe even sneaking a fast dip or two, in between deadlines. Somewhat less athletically, Ye Editor filled in between softball and Cimmarions by playing Postal Chess -- and hosting a once-a-month poker marathon, where I tried to match winnings and witticisms with the likes of JOHNNY ROMITA, MIKE ESPOSITO, SOL BRODSKY, STAN GOLDBERG, and AL MILGROM. Repeat: tried.

See you on the Bullpen Bonus Page!

THE IMPAIRED CREATURE HOWLS ITS DEATH TO THE INFINITE HEAVENS AND THE WOLF-DEMONS RESPOND!



THE PANTHER DOES NOT FALTER. HE USES THAT DYING BODY AGAINST ITS BRETHREN SKITTERING ONE WITH BONE-SNAPPING FORCE ONTO THE ICE!

ONE SINUOUS FORM CURVES IN SIDE THE DEFENSE TACTIC AND ITS TALONS SHRED COSTUME AND FLESH.

BOTH EFFECTS ARE DEADLY!

THE LAST EFFECT SPILLS BLOOD OVER HIS BACK; THE FIRST EXPOSES HIS BODY TO THE HARSH ELEMENTS, EACH BESPEAK OF DEATH.



BUT THOSE FACTS DO NOT STOP HIM!

HE BECOMES THE PREDATOR... TURNING INTO THE FACE OF THE PACK. THEY ARE WARY NOW. ONE SNARLS AND LEAPS FOR THE KILL!



THE PANTHER DOES NOT BACK-TRACK. INSTEAD, HE RUNS INTO THE ATTACK--

--WHICH ENDS WITH SILHOUETTED PRIMITIVISM! SPLATTERED BLOOD WRITES THE TRANSCRIPT OF EVENTS ON THE SNOW-PARCHMENT!



YOU'VE SOUGHT TO TAUNT ME, KILLMONGER... TO TEAR MY DREAMS FROM ME... WITH REALITIES I SHOULD LONG AGO HAVE FORECAST!

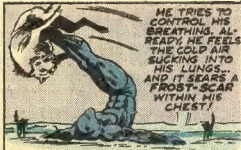
BUT I WILL NOT FLEE FROM THOSE REALITIES... JUST AS I WILL NOT FLEE FROM YOU!



YOU HAVE LEFT ME HERE AS SO MUCH CARRION!

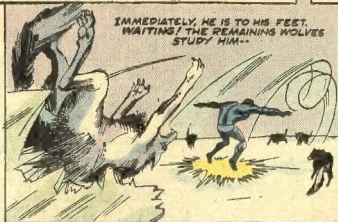
BUT YOU HAVE UNDER-ESTIMATED ME, KILLMONGER!

THE PACK AS A UNIFIED PRESENCE IS BROKEN. ONE LAST FORM HURTTLES OVER THE BATTLE-FIELD, DRIVEN BY THE ETERNAL FORCE... HUNGER!



HE TRIES TO CONTROL HIS BREATHING. ALREADY, HE FEELS THE COLD AIR SUCKING INTO HIS LUNGS... AND IT SEARS A FROST-SCAR WITHIN HIS CHEST!

THE PANTHER IGNORES THE PAIN. HE BRACES HIMSELF... AND ABSORBS THE IMPACT.



IMMEDIATELY, HE IS TO HIS FEET. WAITING! THE REMAINING WOLVES STUDY HIM--

--AND THEIR DECISION IS AS ONE. SOMEWHERE ON THE BARREN HORIZON THERE IS OTHER PREY. INSTINCT TELLS THEM, IT IS SAFER TO SEEK IT OUT THAN STAY.



ALONE.

IT BEGINS--

--A LONELY VIGIL THAT LASTS THE DARK NIGHT HOURS AND INTO THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN'S REPRIEVE!

HE SEEKS SHELTER... BUT NOT FROM HIS THOUGHTS. MONICA HAS GIVEN HIM INNER STRENGTH. W'KABI AND TAKU HAVE BEEN A GREAT AID. BUT THE TASK ITSELF MUST BE FINALLY FACED BY HIM.

HE FACES THE IMMENSITY OF HIS TASK. IT IS STRIPPED OF ITS ILLUSION, BUT NOT ITS PROMISE!

ALONE.